

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



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DAREDEVIL[®]

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



CO-STARRING
The DEADLY
BLACK
WIDOW!

THE
MAN-THING
STALKS THIS
SWAMP!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club*, his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

STEVE GERBER
WRITER

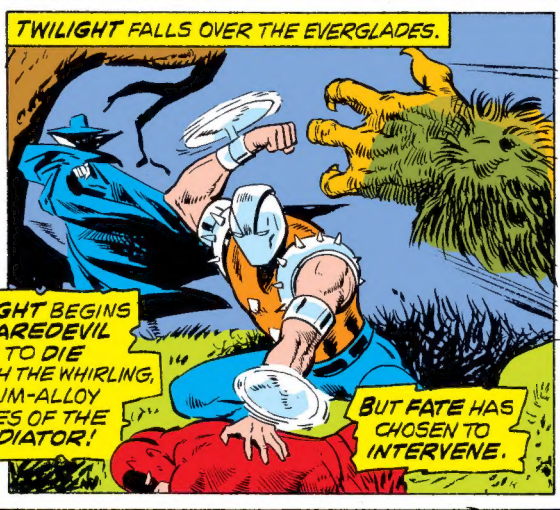
BOB BROWN
ARTIST

VINCE COLLETTA
INKER

C. JETTER, LETTERER STAN G. COLORIST
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

...PRESENT THE MARVEL MASTER-
WORK WE CALL:

A QUIET NIGHT IN THE SWAMP!



TWILIGHT FALLS OVER THE EVERGLADES.

AND NIGHT BEGINS ABOUT TO DIE BENEATH THE WHIRLING, TITANIUM-ALLOY BLADES OF THE ...GLADIATOR!

BUT FATE HAS CHOSEN TO INTERVENE.

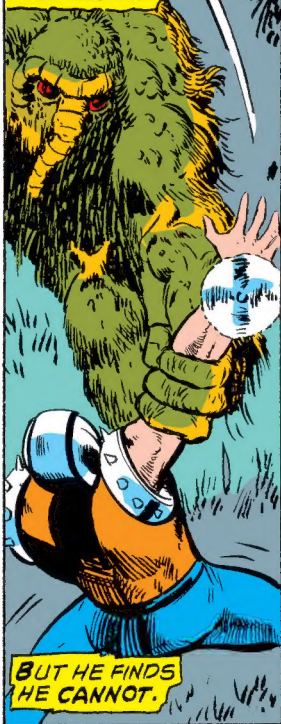
FATE...OR SOMETHING EQUALLY AS MINDLESS: THE SHAMBLING MIS-SHAPEN SLIME-CRAWLER FOR WHOM THIS SWAMP IS HOME:

MAN-THING!!

DRAWN HERE BY THE SHEER EVIL THAT EMANATES FROM THE BLADE-WIELDER AND HIS MYSTERIOUS ALLY CALLED THE DEATH-STALKER.

THE EMPATHIC MURK-DWELLER REACHES OUT, SEIZES THE VILLAIN'S UNCLAD ARM, STAYS HIS BLADE...

THE MONSTER'S MOIST, CLAMMY TOUCH CAUSES THE GLADIATOR TO LEAP BACKWARD AND TRY TO PULL AWAY.



BUT HE FINDS HE CANNOT.

HE CAN ONLY STARE INTO THOSE HAZY EYES THAT ARE THE COLOR OF BLOOD...EYES THAT NEITHER MOVE NOR BLINK, YET SEEM TO RADIATE ANGER AND PAIN. HE CAN ONLY STARE.



FOR HE IS PARALYZED ...WITH FEAR!



AND WHATEVER KNOWS FEAR BURNS AT THE MAN-THING'S TOUCH!!



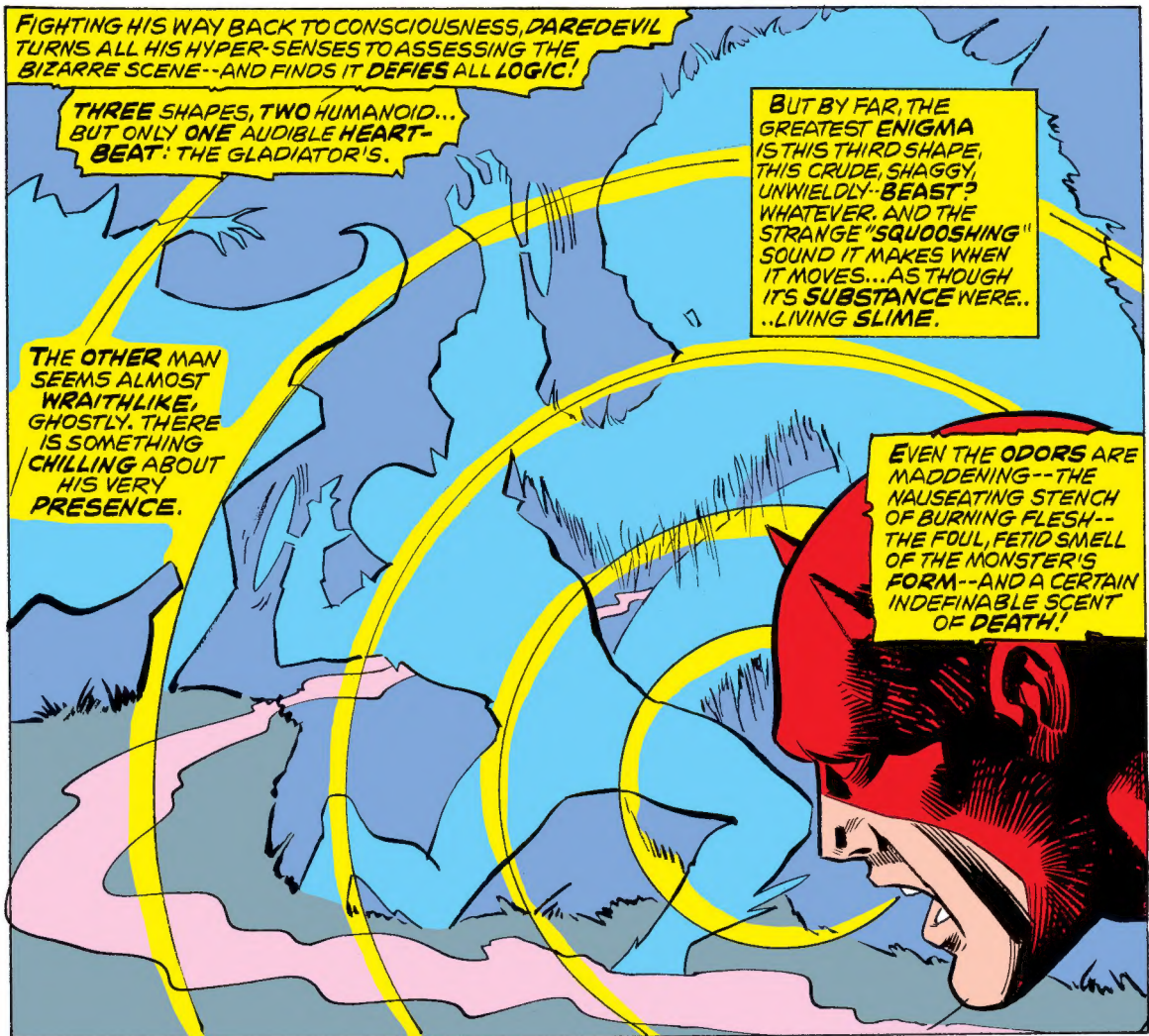
YOUR BLADE, YOU DOLT-- USE YOUR OTHER BLADE-- YOUR FREE HAND! YOUR VERY FLESH IS FRYING!

BUT THE COWLED MAN'S SHOUTS FALL ON PAIN-DEAFENED EARS. NUMBLY, THE GLADIATOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES, TEARS WELLING IN HIS ONCE-STEELY ORBS.

WHILE, SCANT FEET AWAY, THE MAN WITH-OUT FEAR WAKENS GROGGILY. AND SO FANTASTIC IS THE PICTURE HIS RADAR SENSE IMPARTS TO HIM, HE IS CERTAIN...



I...MUST STILL BE OUT OF IT. WHAT I'M SENSING ...CAN'T BE REAL.



FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, DAREDEVIL TURNS ALL HIS HYPER-SENSES TO ASSESSING THE BIZARRE SCENE--AND FINDS IT DEFIES ALL LOGIC!

THREE SHAPES, TWO HUMANOID... BUT ONLY ONE AUDIBLE HEART-BEAT: THE GLADIATOR'S.

BUT BY FAR, THE GREATEST ENIGMA IS THIS THIRD SHAPE, THIS CRUDE, SHAGGY, UNWIELDY--BEAST? WHATEVER, AND THE STRANGE "SQUOOSHING" SOUND IT MAKES WHEN IT MOVES...AS THOUGH ITS SUBSTANCE WERE... ..LIVING SLIME.

THE OTHER MAN SEEMS ALMOST WRAITHLIKE, GHOSTLY. THERE IS SOMETHING CHILLING ABOUT HIS VERY PRESENCE.

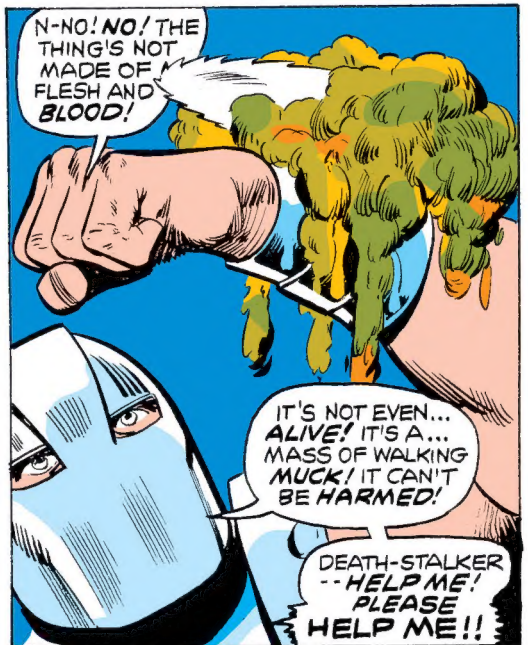
EVEN THE ODORS ARE MADDENING--THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF BURNING FLESH--THE FOUL, FETID SMELL OF THE MONSTER'S FORM--AND A CERTAIN INDEFINABLE SCENT OF DEATH!



"YOUR BLADE," THE CAPED MAN CRIES AGAIN, "USE YOUR FREE HAND! SLICE THE MONSTER TO RIBBONS!"

AND THIS TIME-- THE GLADIATOR HEARS.

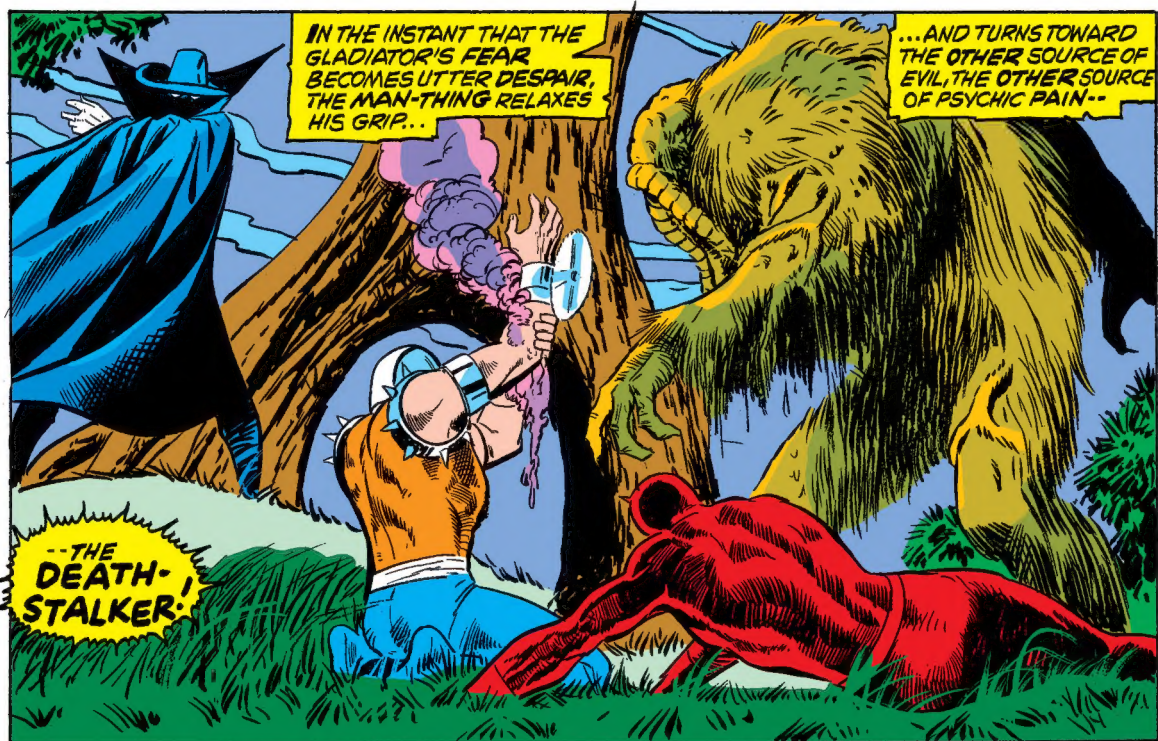
BUT--!



N-NO! NO! THE THING'S NOT MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD!

IT'S NOT EVEN... ALIVE! IT'S A... MASS OF WALKING MUCK! IT CAN'T BE HARMED!

DEATH-STALKER --HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!!



IN THE INSTANT THAT THE GLADIATOR'S FEAR BECOMES UTTER DESPAIR, THE MAN-THING RELAXES HIS GRIP...

...AND TURNS TOWARD THE OTHER SOURCE OF EVIL, THE OTHER SOURCE OF PSYCHIC PAIN--

--THE DEATH-STALKER!



HE MOVES SLOWLY, GRACELESSLY...LEAVING MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR THE CLOAKED FIGURE TO TURN AND FLEE. BUT THE DEATH STALKER STANDS HIS GROUND...

YOU HESITATE, MONSTER. WHY? CAN IT BE THAT YOU SENSE THE POWER I HOLD? THAT YOU KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT MY TOUCH...

...SEEMING VAGUELY, COLDLY AMUSED BY IT ALL.



...IS THE TOUCH OF DEATH?!

FOR A MOMENT, WHEN THE CAPED MAN'S FINGERS FIRST MAKE CONTACT, THE MAN-THING FEELS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

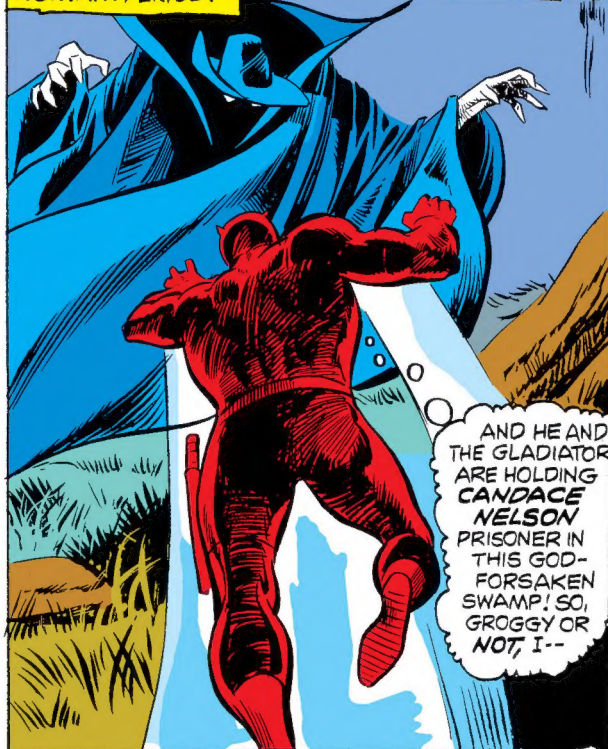
THEN COMES THE MOMENT OF ICY TREMBLING...



...AND THEN, THE FALL.

I STILL CAN'T DETECT ANY HEART-BEAT IN HIM! YET, HE'S REAL... SOLID.

"I CAN HEAR THE FOLIAGE BEND UNDER HIS WEIGHT..." D.D. REMINDS HIMSELF, "SO HE CAN'T BE AN ILLUSION OR A PROJECTION OR ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL. HE'S HUMAN. PERIOD!"



AND HE AND THE GLADIATOR ARE HOLDING CANDACE NELSON PRISONER IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN SWAMP! SO, GROGGY OR NOT, I--



HAHAHA
WHAT ON EARTH--?! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER HIS HAT! NOTHING!

AND WHEN DAREDEVIL RETRACTS HIS FIST FROM THAT "NOTHING..."



COLD...INCREDIBLE, ICY, DEADLY COLD! HAND...FEELS LIKE... IT'S FROZEN!

NOW YOU'VE FELT IT, DAREDEVIL, JUST AS THE MONSTER DID!



MY POWER... THE POWER OF DEATH! I AM DEATH, DAREDEVIL! YOUR DEATH!

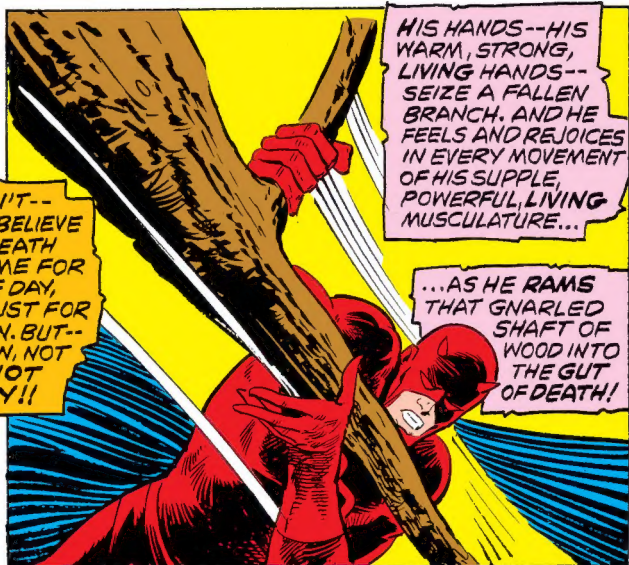
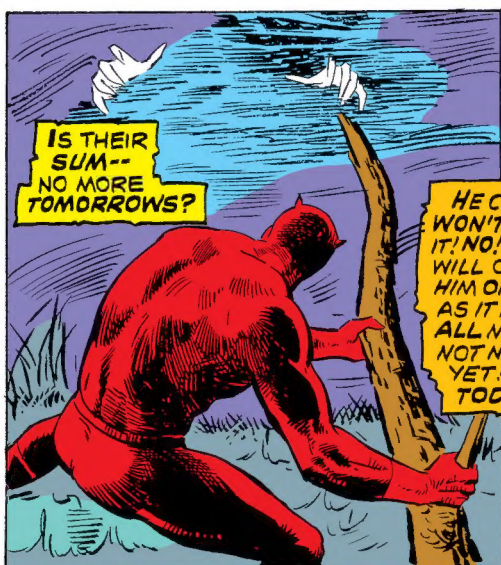
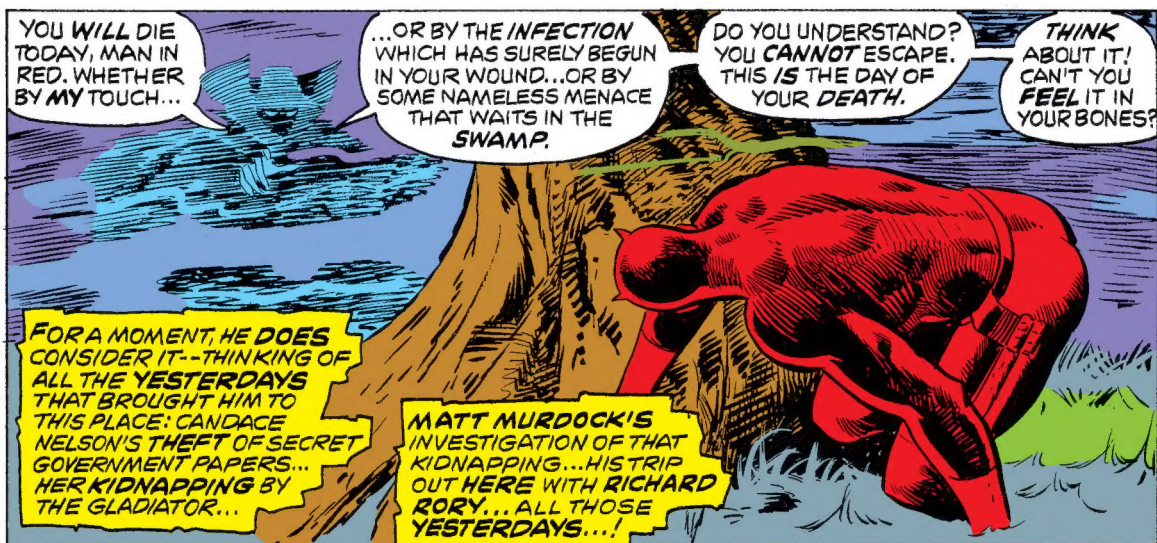
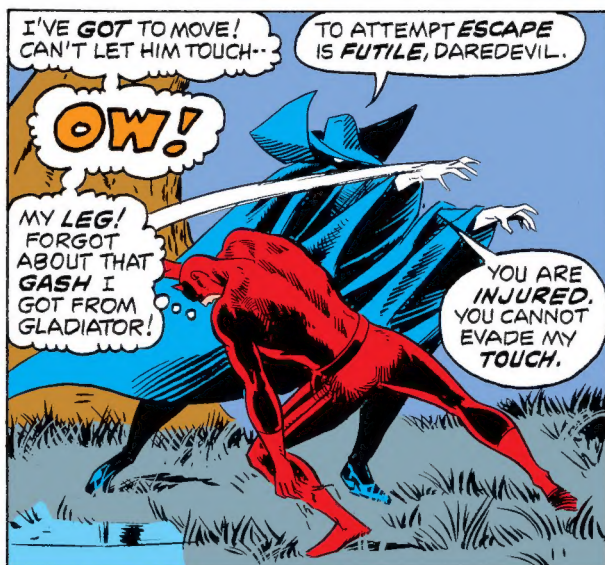
I'M COMING FOR YOU...YOU CAN'T AVOID ME...NO MAN CAN...FOR LONG.



LORD...THE VERY AIR SEEMS TO GROW COLDER AS HE APPROACHES! I CAN FEEL THE CHILL UP MY SPINE!

AND I CAN'T MOVE! I'M ROOTED TO THIS SPOT!

AND YET...





AND HIS HEART
SINKS AS HIS
RADAR SENSE
REVEALS--

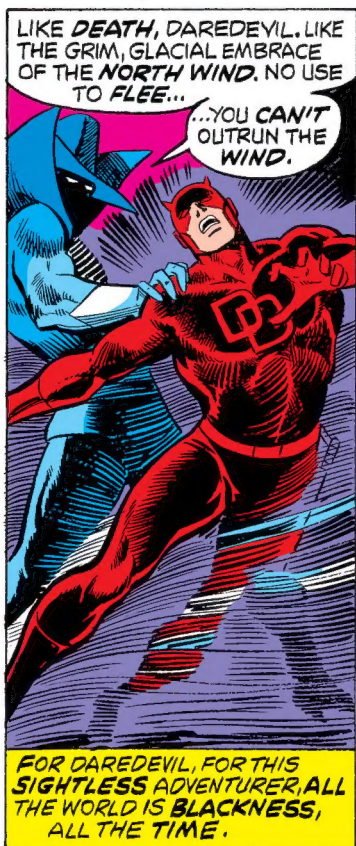
HAHAHAHAHA

H-HE'S GONE!
NOTHING BUT AN
EMPTY CAPE! IT'S
NOT POSSIBLE!
IT--WHERE DID
HE GO?!



HERE, DAREDEVIL.
I AM HERE. DEATH
IS AT YOUR BACK.

HUH? WHA--
NO!! MY...
SHOULDER...YOUR
FINGERS...LIKE
ICE--!!



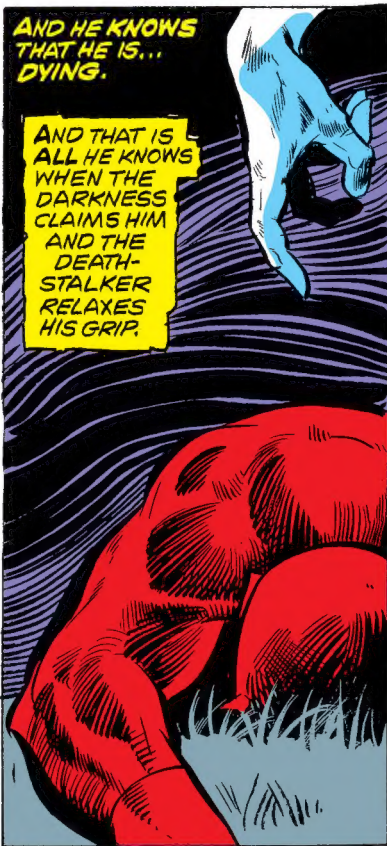
LIKE DEATH, DAREDEVIL. LIKE
THE GRIM, GLACIAL EMBRACE
OF THE NORTH WIND. NO USE
TO FLEE...

...YOU CAN'T
OUTRUN THE
WIND.

FOR DAREDEVIL, FOR THIS
SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER, ALL
THE WORLD IS BLACKNESS,
ALL THE TIME.



BUT NOW, A DIFFERENT KIND
OF DARKNESS ENVELOPES
HIM, A SORT OF OBLIVION
HE HAS NEVER KNOWN BE-
FORE. HE HEARS HIS HEART
BEAT SLOW... FEELS HIS MIND
EMPTY OF ALL THOUGHT...
FEELS HIS EVERY NERVE
TINGLE, THEN GO NUMB...



AND HE KNOWS
THAT HE IS...
DYING.

AND THAT IS
ALL HE KNOWS
WHEN THE
DARKNESS
CLAIMS HIM
AND THE
DEATH-
STALKER
RELAXES
HIS GRIP.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND...IF YOU CAN **KILL** WITH YOUR TOUCH--WHY DIDN'T YOU **STOP** THE MONSTER **BEFORE** HE BURNED ME?

BECAUSE, FOOL, I WANTED TO **SEE** THE BEAST'S POWER FOR MYSELF. YOU SEE, I SUSPECT--



SUSPECT?! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SUSPECT! THAT THING MIGHT HAVE **KILLED** ME!



SO IT **MIGHT**. AND I MIGHT HAVE ALLOWED IT TO--IF I DEEMED IT **NECESSARY**. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN--YOU **BELONG** TO ME?

MUST I REFRESH YOUR **MEMORY**--WITH A TOUCH OF MY HAND?



NO--NO, YOU'RE CORRECT, OF **COURSE**. I FORGOT MY PLACE. I HAD NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN. **NONE**.

BUT ONCE I LEARN HOW YOUR "TOUCH OF DEATH" **WORKS**, MY MYSTERIOUS "MASTER," WE SHALL DISCUSS THIS INCIDENT AGAIN, I **PROMISE** YOU.

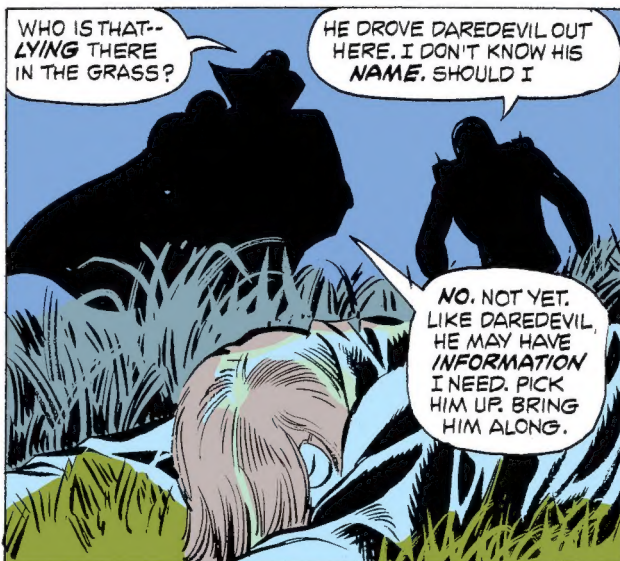
SEE THAT YOU **REMEMBER** IN THE FUTURE. I SHAN'T TOLERATE **ANOTHER** SUCH OUTBURST.



NOW--**COME**, IT'S TIME WE PAID A CALL ON THE CAPTIVE MISS NELSON--AND TIME **YOU** LEARNED WHAT WAS **IN** THOSE PAPERS YOU STOLE.

FINE. BUT WHY BRING HORN-HEAD'S **BODY**? WHY NOT LEAVE IT FOR THE **'GATORS**?

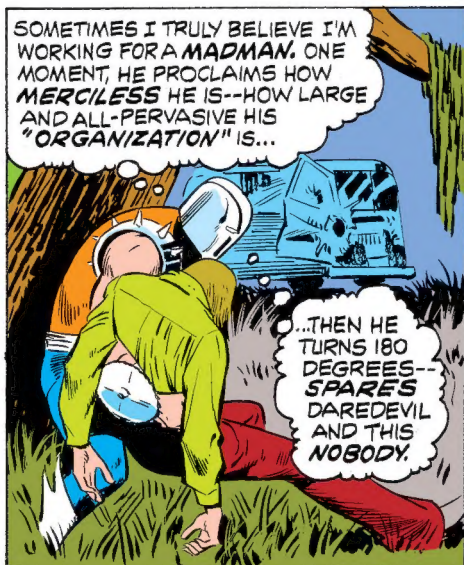
HE IS NOT **DEAD**, YET. I **CHOSE**--WAIT!



WHO IS THAT--**LYING** THERE IN THE GRASS?

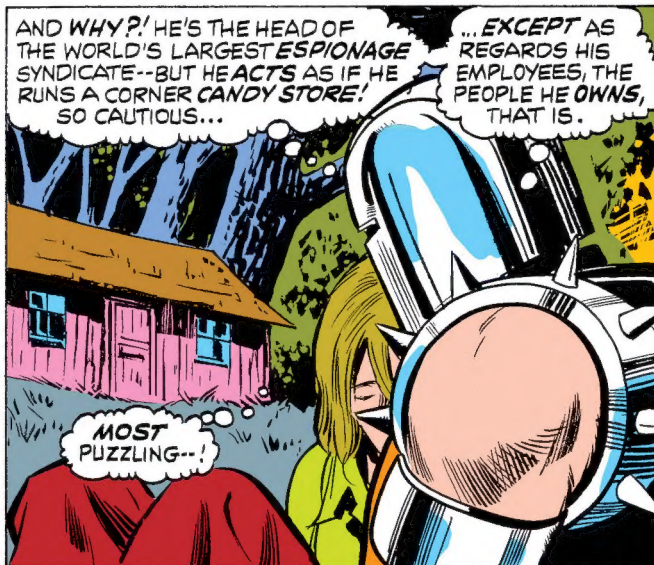
HE DROVE DAREDEVIL OUT HERE. I DON'T KNOW HIS **NAME**. SHOULD I

NO. NOT YET. LIKE DAREDEVIL, HE MAY HAVE **INFORMATION** I NEED. PICK HIM UP. BRING HIM ALONG.



SOMETIMES I TRULY BELIEVE I'M WORKING FOR A **MADMAN**. ONE MOMENT, HE PROCLAIMS HOW **MERCILESS** HE IS--HOW LARGE AND ALL-PERVASIVE HIS "ORGANIZATION" IS...

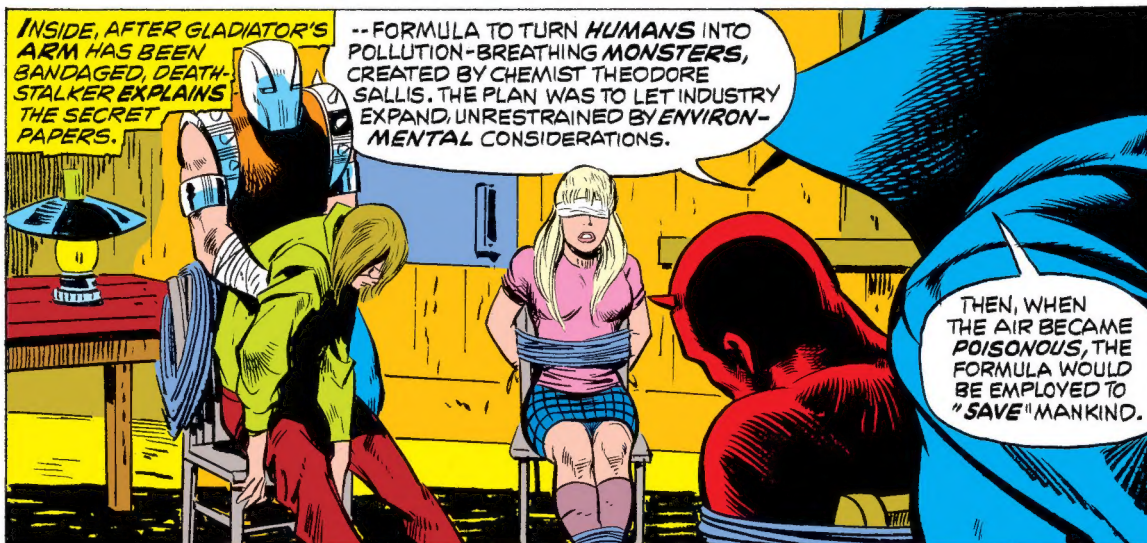
...THEN HE TURNS 180 DEGREES--**SPARES** DAREDEVIL AND THIS **NOBODY**.



AND WHY?! HE'S THE HEAD OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST **ESPIONAGE** SYNDICATE--BUT HE ACTS AS IF HE RUNS A CORNER **CANDY STORE**! SO CAUTIOUS...

...EXCEPT AS REGARDS HIS EMPLOYEES, THE PEOPLE HE OWNS, THAT IS.

MOST PUZZLING--!



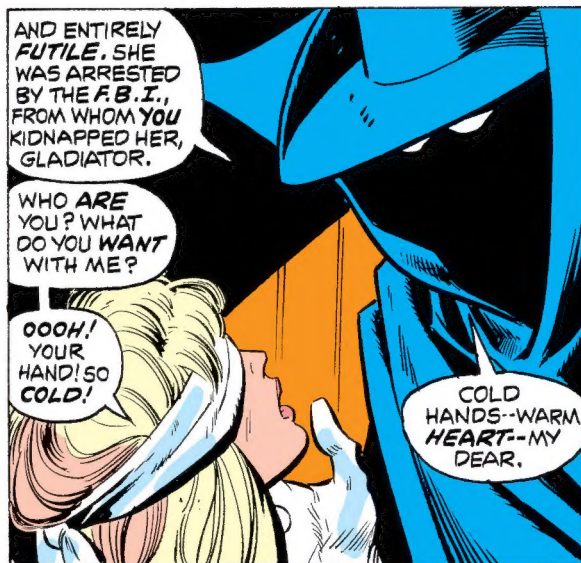
INSIDE, AFTER **GLADIATOR'S** ARM HAS BEEN BANDAGED, **DEATH-STALKER** EXPLAINS THE SECRET PAPERS.

-- FORMULA TO TURN **HUMANS** INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING **MONSTERS**, CREATED BY CHEMIST **THEODORE SALLIS**. THE PLAN WAS TO LET INDUSTRY EXPAND, UNRESTRAINED BY **ENVIRONMENTAL** CONSIDERATIONS.

THEN, WHEN THE AIR BECAME **POISONOUS**, THE FORMULA WOULD BE EMPLOYED TO "SAVE" MANKIND.



"OUR PUBLIC-SPIRITED **MISS NELSON**, HOWEVER, FOUND THE PAPERS WHILE ENGAGED IN JOURNALISTIC RESEARCH, AND THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT HAD **DROPPED** THE PROJECT, SHE WAS BENT ON EXPOSING IT IN THE NEWS-PAPERS. A NOBLE GESTURE."



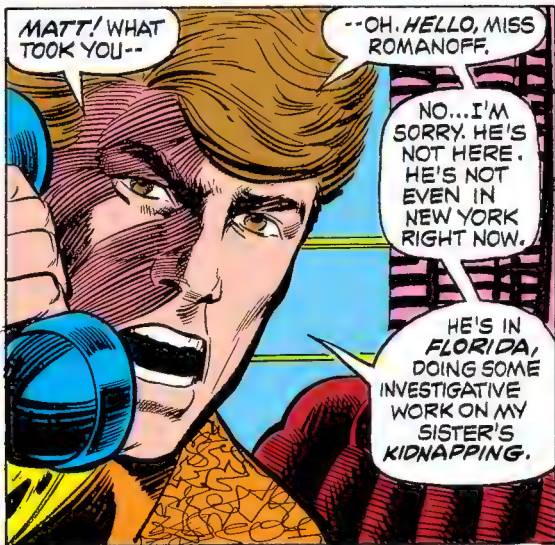
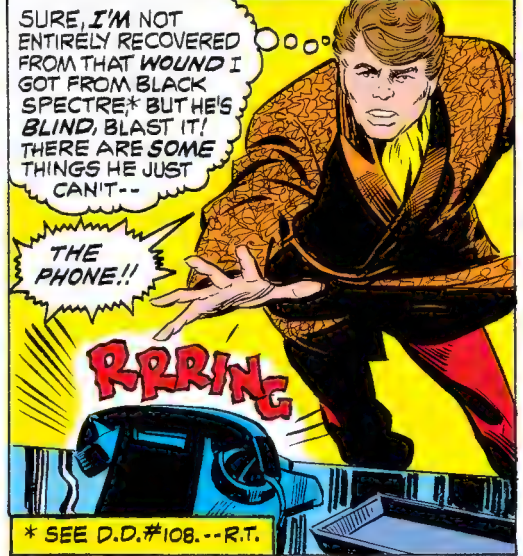
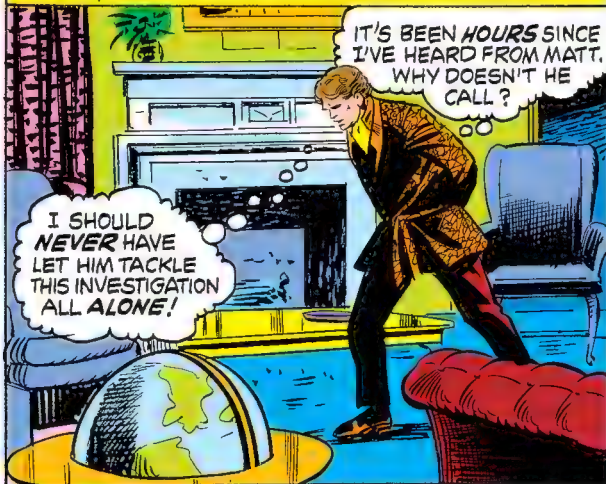
AND ENTIRELY **FUTILE**. SHE WAS ARRESTED BY THE **F.B.I.**, FROM WHOM YOU KIDNAPPED HER, **GLADIATOR**.

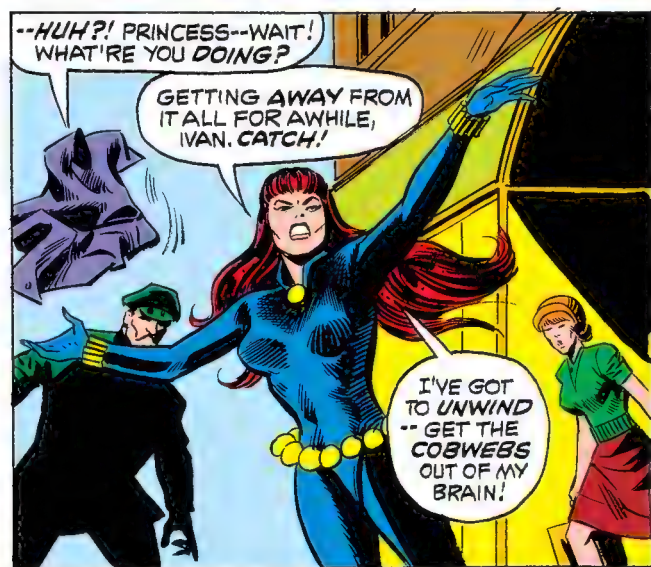
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

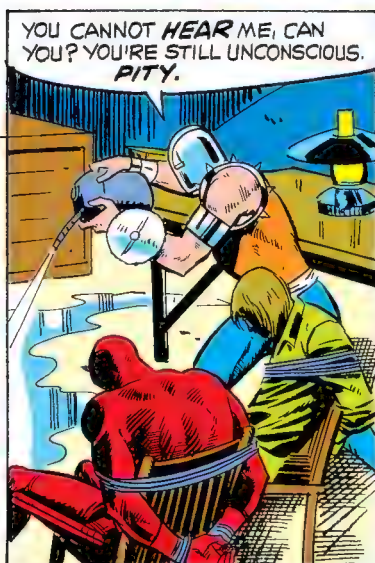
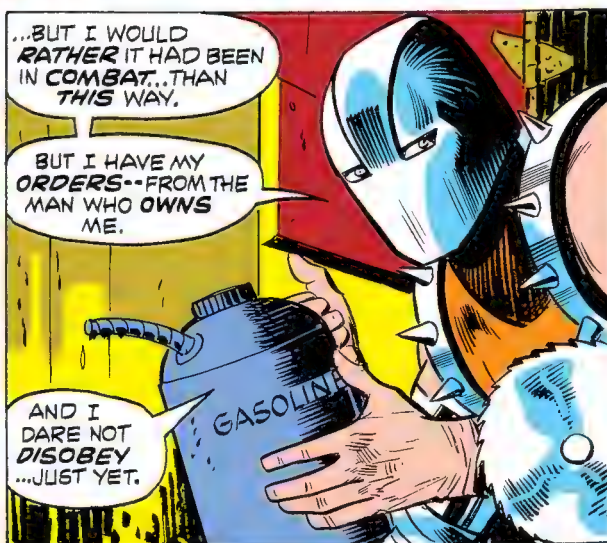
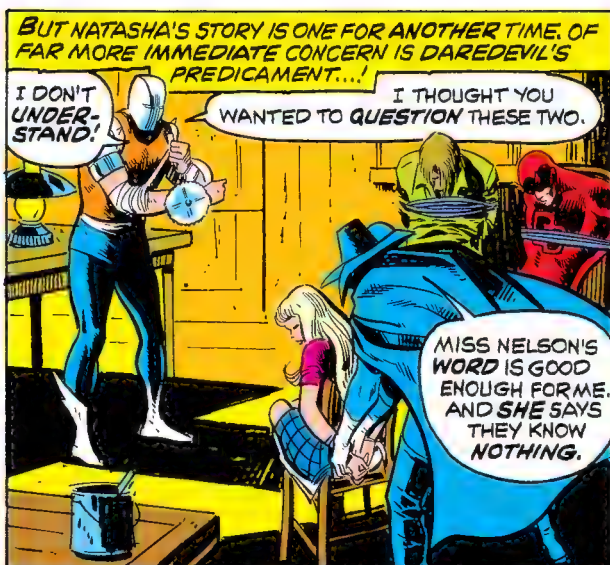
OOOH! YOUR HAND! SO COLD!

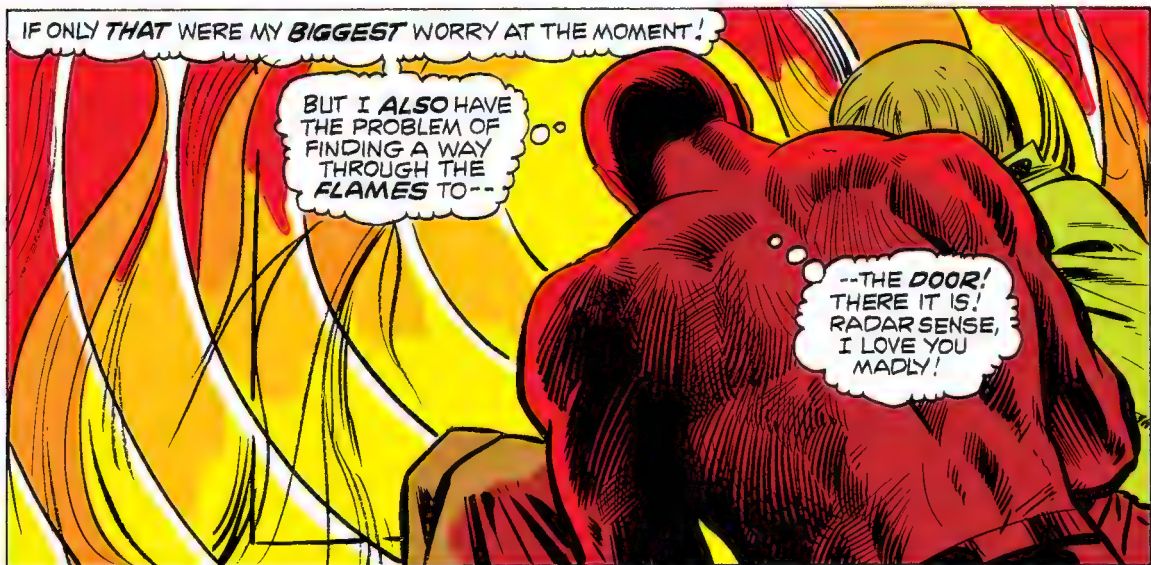
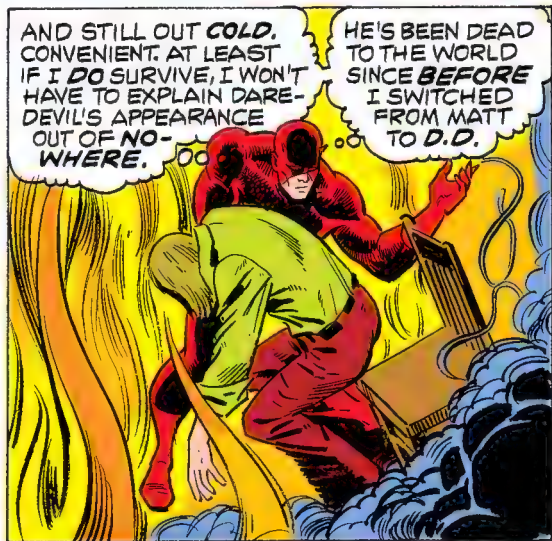
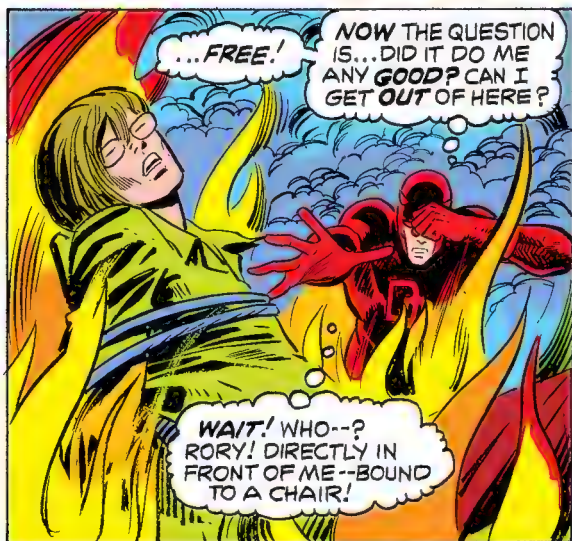
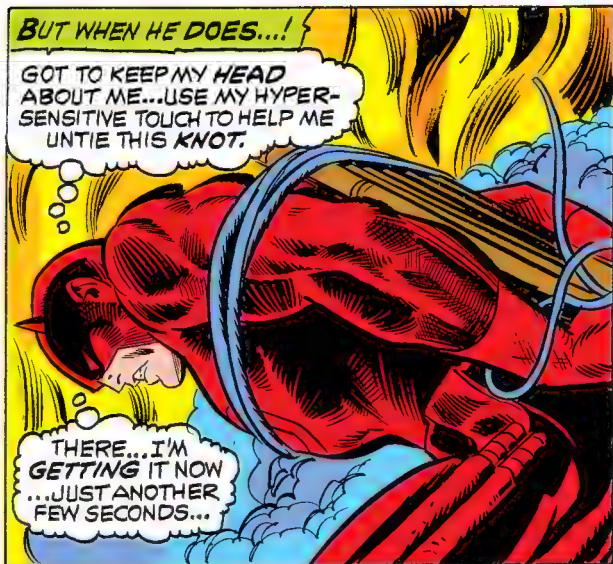
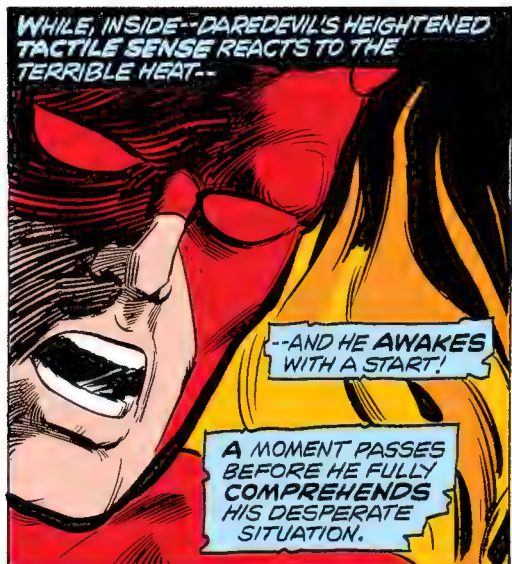
COLD HANDS--WARM HEART--MY DEAR.

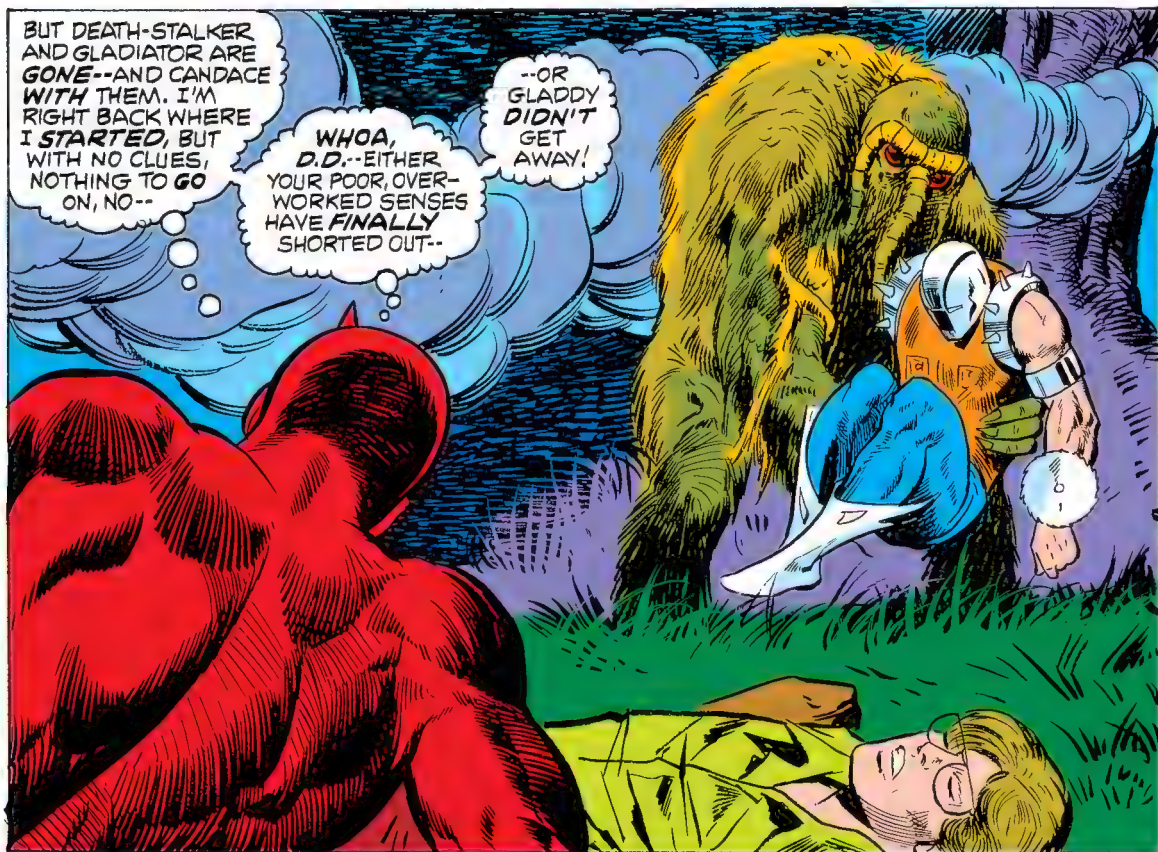
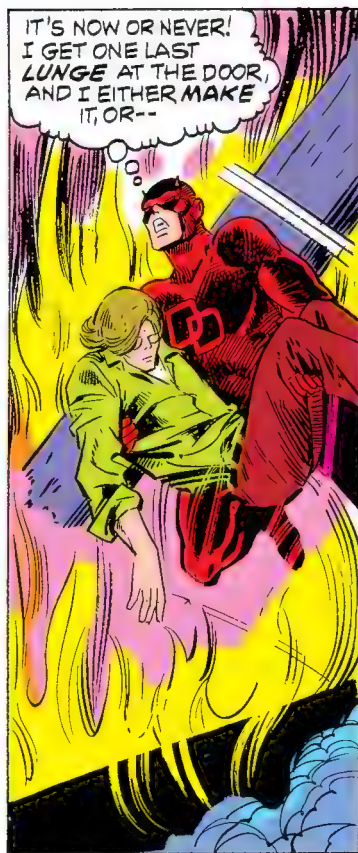
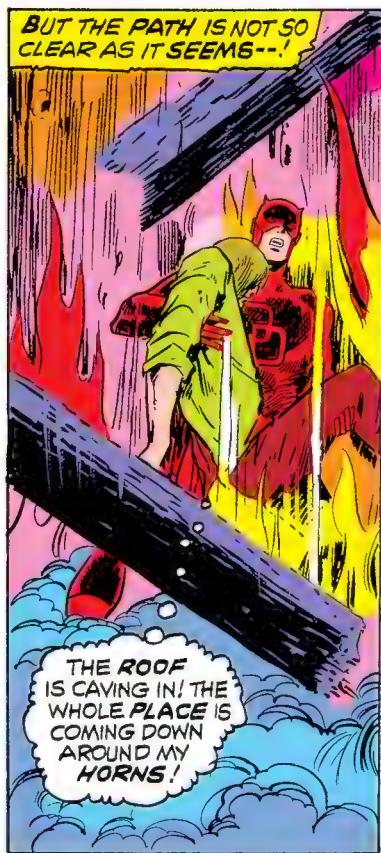
CUT: TO THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF FOGGYNELSON
--CANDACE'S BROTHER, MATT MURDOCK'S CLOSEST
FRIEND, AND MANHATTAN'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

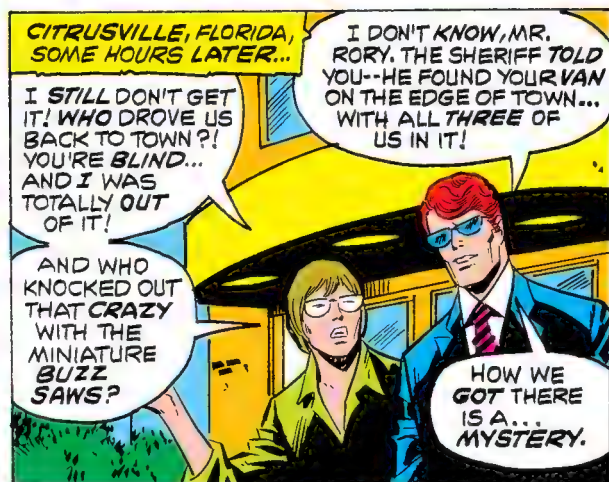
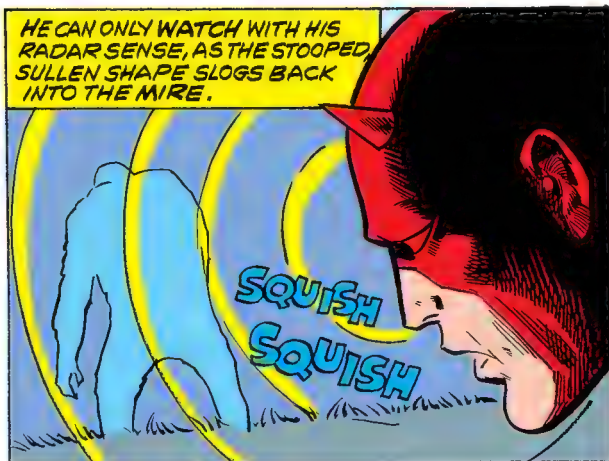
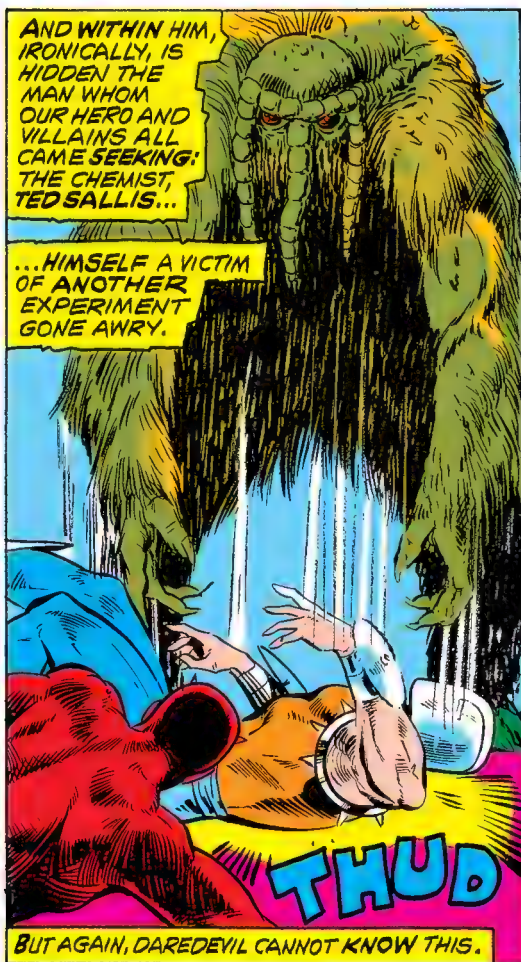
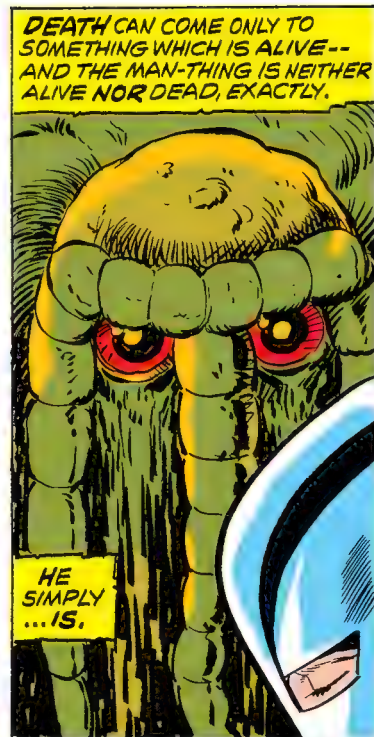
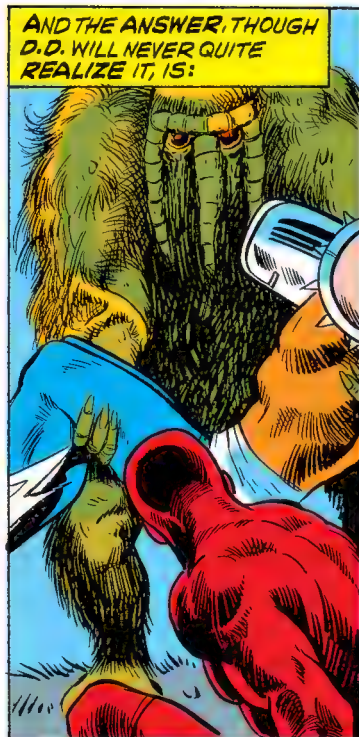
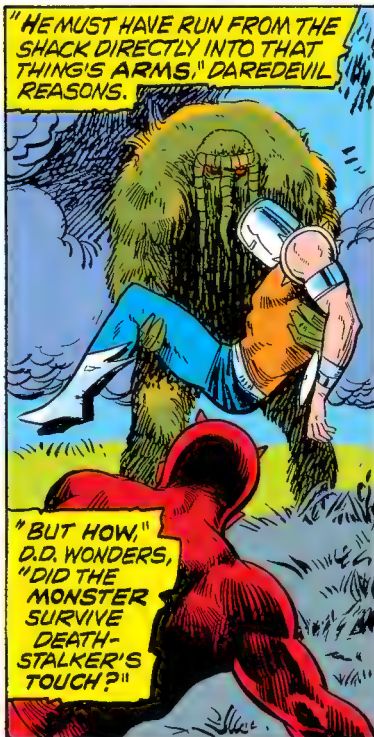


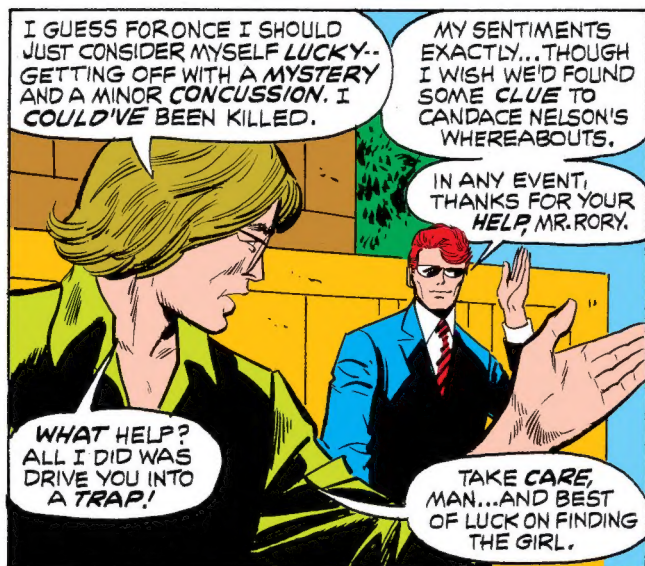












...ALL IS GOING *EXACTLY* ACCORDING TO MY PLAN! *BETTER*, IN FACT--AS I HAD BEEN UNAWARE OF *MURDOCK'S* PRESENCE IN FLORIDA! YOU BAITED MY TRAP FOR HIM *PERFECTLY*, NELSON. MY THANKS.

FOR WHEN HE, LIKE DAREDEVIL, IS *DEAD*-- ALL WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE *SALLIS PAPERS* WILL BE OUT OF MY WAY... *FOREVER!*

YOU *SEE*, BIG BROTHER? HE PLANS TO *KILL* US, TOO! YOU *BETRAYED* YOUR BEST FRIEND-- *FOR NOTHING!*

MAYBE, SIS. OR MAYBE I GAVE HIM THE *TIP-OFF* THAT CAN SAVE US *ALL*! I WISH I KNEW...

OUR LIVES-- AND *MATT'S*-- DEPEND ON IT!

NEXT:

THE FINAL, CLIMACTIC BATTLE WITH THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER! A PERSONAL CRISIS UNLIKE ANY MATT MURDOCK HAS FACED BEFORE! MYSTERY! ACTION! SURPRISES! IN THE TALE WE CALL--

"AND DEATH SHALL NAME The LAWLESS!"



LET'S LEVEL WITH DAREDEVIL

SEND YOUR
LETTERS TO:

THE MARVEL
COMICS GROUP
SIXTH FLOOR
575 MADISON AV.
NEW YORK 10022
N. Y.

Dear Marvel,

Well, congratulations, people. As of this month (#110), DAREDEVIL is back in my top five—a position it's been out of since #98. The Black Spectre story is coming along quite nicely, achieving—dare I say it?—a level of suspense all its own. Keep up the good work, Steve, and let's see more of Shanna.

You have no idea how good it was to see Gene Colan back on D.D. Gene's shady, stylized, exaggerated realism draws a plus from me anytime. And he can draw A-1 she-devils, too. As a registered Nekra-phile, I appreciated the origin and hope to see Nekra and Mandrill return to plague practically any of your super-doers real soon after their appearance in D.D. ends.

This whole series smacks of a real doom more than any since the Indestructible Man. It seems that the Dark Continent is invading New York, complete with Shanna as a contributing factor (even though she's on our side), and the sense of suspense and authenticity is a marked improvement over the parade of gods, hokey situations, and useless plots we've seen

over the past year. Looks like you've got your problem licked, people—keep it up!

Rich Howell

Jordan J-21

Radcliffe

Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Steve G. replies:

Thanks, Rich. The "problem," as you put it, with DAREDEVIL was an odd one and one I've been reluctant to have discussed in these pages. But by way of an insight...

When I was handed the DAREDEVIL assignment with issue #97, I was thrilled. D.D. had always been one of my favorite Marvel characters, and I was absolutely in awe of what Gerry Conway had done with the book during his tenure on it. Those issues (#72-96) were, in my opinion, the best in DAREDEVIL's history, and I was determined to equal them.

I blew it.

You see, it sometimes takes a while for a writer to begin thinking of a strip as "his." And, for me at least, it's

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Dept: ALG

even harder when the book has as long and colorful a history as DAREDEVIL.

So I set all the wrong goals for myself. I was trying to do Gerry's D.D., or Roy's D.D., or Stan's D.D., and basically fighting my own instincts about where the strip should go.

That changed with D.D. #107, the finale of the Terrex series. Because, whether I liked it or not, I had inadvertently steered Daredevil on a course toward a major break with the past. Several long, involved discussions with editor Roy Thomas helped clear my head about the characters, the villains, the interpersonal relationships in the strip...and I was on my way. After that, I relied on you, the readers, for guidance. And, incredibly, with a more than slight assist from Bob Brown and Gene Colan, it all seems to be coming together in such a way as to please all of us. Meaning you folks out there, and we folks on the allegedly creative end of the magazine.

We're all in there trying. Myself. Bob Brown. Vinnie Colletta. Roy. All of us. And while we'll never be content enough to think we've got the problem "licked" (no problem's ever licked when the next deadline is only thirty days away), we do know the mag has improved. And your mail bears us out.

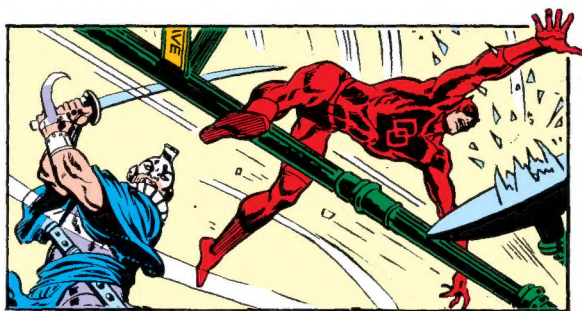
One last note. About your mail. It's been a tremendous source of help and inspiration (and, occasionally, depression) for me. Reading all your varying views of what D.D. should be was a major factor, I'm sure, in how I went about coming up with my own conception of the character. You all contributed something— every one of you who took the time to write.

And there just aren't words to express our appreciation. Enough. Onward—!

Dear Marvel,

You can't imagine my joy when I found Gene Colan did DAREDEVIL #110. With Gene on TOMB OF DRACULA. I figured he'd have lost his touch at drawing superheroes. The result was yes and no. No, because D.D. was even better drawn than ever; yes, because the Thing wasn't.

But what the heck? The story was good, anyway. I mean really good! And you know what? For awhile, I thought Black Spectre and the Secret Empire were sort of connected! Then, D.D., Capt. America, and the Falcon, along with the X-Men and the other mutants would collide...thus beginning another senses-shattering epic for this year! Anyway, just try to have Gene Colan do D.D. for a few more issues and maybe,



just maybe, we'll be friends again. Happy Fooming!!

John Flagg

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Canada

And that's another thing that happens to writers, John: as with the Steves, Englehart and Gerber, this time, they sometimes hit on the same good idea at the same time. So the White House got hit twice in two months, once by the Secret Empire, once by Black Spectre. (And they shouldn't complain! Not after what the commentators do to them five nights a week!)

Anyway, even though Gene couldn't continue with D. D. as a regular feature, you'll have to admit, we think, that Bob Brown's been turning in one magnificent job after another these days. We think he's improving every issue— and who can ask more than that? Especially when a guy's work is as fine as Bob's has been these past several issues?



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